

Sonnet: For Walter

If only the right were mine, my sweet love,
I'd touch thy raven locks, clustered dates;
To gaze in your eyes, each a bathing dove
I fear not Death, nor Life, nor troubl'ing Fates.
I flourish in your Shadow; 'tis my Light
Indeed, you are all I long to behold.
The brightest Star, compared, is naught but night
Next you, I value not diamonds or gold.
Thought passionate my feelings are for him,
My love sees not my heart, only my age
In time I hope he'll see me as I am
But till his affections I can engage
A leper at the mercy seat I feel,
Uncleanliness that wishes him to heal.